[Enrique and Amanda]

26012

January 3, 1939

[Adolpha? Pellate?] (Cuban

[2315?] [12th?] [Avenue?]

[Ybor?] City

Tampa, Florida

[Cigar?] [?]

[Stetson?] Kennedy, writer

(Written off-time)

[ENRIQUE?] and [AMANDA?]

Amanda's house is several blocks east of the cigar factory, on a narrow dirt alley lined with unpainted frame shacks. A group of children playing marbles in the sand includes blondes, dark Latins, and Negroes. They scatter like a flock of chickens when they see our car approaching.

As soon as the car stops they gather around it, climb upon front and rear bumpers, and the running boards. Dark, stout, and smiling, Amanda shouts to the children and comes out to greet us. She hugs my wife Edith, and shakes my hand.

“I been wanting to meet your husband a long time,” she tells Edith.

We enter the front room and sit in three rickety straight chairs. The other furnishings are a table, a new automatic-tunings radio, and two calendars.

“You'll have to forgive our humble house.’ says Amanda apologetically.

“I only pay three dollars a week for it, but it's near Enrique's job. They're planning to tear down a lot of these old ‘shotgun’ shacks. - You know, these old houses are called one or two-barrelled shotgun shacks, according to how many apartments they have. I heard they are going to build big new apartments for Negroes, and make them all move into one section and not be scattered all over like they are now. I don't know as all of them will want to move, but i guess the city will condem their property if they don't.

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“Enrique made all this furniture out of boxes and things, he made those benches and that table and that cabinet and ice box. He mad the ice box out of tin, it keeps ice good, too. Enrique is good like that; he saves us a lot of money. He makes wicks out of old carpet for the oil stove, and he makes vinegar and wine with raisins.

“I wish I had nice furniture, but I don't like to go in debt, I don't believe in buying furniture unless you can pay for it. The only thing we own money on is that radio, it cost thirty-nine dollars and fifty cents and it sure is a good one. it gets all the Cuban stations.

“Some people go ahead and buy pretty things and get in debt when they can't afford it and maybe the company takes it away from them and then they lose ally that money. There's nothing I hate worse than to have collector men coming to my house all the time bothering the life out of me and keeping me [?]. I rather buy good healthy food for my kids and a few little clothes for them to go to school; it don't make mush difference about the furniture. I think it's best to save and keep a little money ahead in case there is sickness or anything like that. It don't look like we are able to get much ahead, though.

“[When? Enrique?] is working steady he [likes?] to buy better food; you know, he likes to [see?] the children get happy. But I say we better [eat?] the [?] food, good, but not extra — so we [can?] maybe save for when his job stops.”

Several children gather in the doorway, staring, and a small boy [bobs?] his blonde head in and out of another door leading to a bedroom.

“Them's all my kids,” Amanda says, “and they sure looks [like? tranps?]. There is no use for me to wash them in the afternoon when they [come? home?]

from school because by night they have got all dirty again. I just leave [?] alone till night and wash them good before they go to bed.

“They been playing marbles with those colored kids next door. Those colored kids are nice children; their mother, she is a gook woman form Georgia. I rather have my boys play with them than with a lot of other kids in this neighborhood.

“Besides [these?] four kids here I [got?] two girls living with my cousin in [Key? West?]. She [can?] take better care of them there; she ain't got no kids of her own. That blonde-[headed rascal?] that [keeps? poking?] his head around the door is named [Jose?]; he's five years old, and the other boy. [Perico?] is eight. [Maria?] is nine, and [Rosa?] — she's my oldest — is thirteen.”

“[Rosa?] says, “How do you do?” [She? has?] brown hair, a [delicately?] pretty face, and intelligent brown eyes. She does not have on any rouge or lipstick, and her and her cheap house-dress is torn in many places.

“You know what,” asks Amanda. “[Rosa?], thirteen years old, is getting ready to get married. I wish I [knew?] how to [?] that idea out of her head.”

“The sooner I get married and get away from here, the better,” smiles Rosa.

“He's an Italian,” says Amanda, “and I don't want no Italian son-in-law in the family.”

“Well, you might as well get used to it,” says [Rosa?]. “I love [Nicky?] and I'm going to marry him, no matter what anybody says. He's a very nice Italian. He had a [mustache?], dark hair, and tall.”

“He's got blue eyes,” adds Amanda.

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“He has not!” declares [Rosa?]. “His eyes are very light brown. I ought to know — I've been [close?] to him!”

“I don't see why you can't marry a Cuban or an [American?] — anything but an Italian,” says Amanda.

“I do like Americans,” admits [Rosa?]. “Sure! But I can't do nothing about it. The only way to get Americans is to be high-[toned?] and live in Hyde Park and I can't do that. I don't want any [damn?] wild [crackers?] from out in the woods, either. They're wild people. You [can?] grow potatoes in [their?] ears and [scrape?] their [heels?].

“[Nicky?] is a [beautician?] in New York and he [came?] down here to visit his family for the holidays. He had stayed so long he has lost his job, and now he wants to go back to New York and get a job in a [restaurant?]. He wants to go back and get a job and then [come?] marry me, but I want him to marry me first and take me with him when ge goes. I always wanted to live in New York.”

“She's only known him for three weeks,” says [Amanda?], “and says she is going to marry him. [Well?], marriage is like a [lottery?]; you don't know whether you win or lose till it's

all over. I was married when I was thirteen years old, just like [Rosa?]. That's how I know she's too young to think about getting married. She ought to be in school."

"That's right," [asserts? Edith?].

"You think I want to start back to school now" demands [Rosa?]. "And go back to the seventh grade where my kid brother is now? [Hell?] no! I wouldn't start back now for nothing!"

"[Rosa? sure? was? smart?] in school, too," says Amanda. "She made all 5 A's from top to bottom — [even?] skipped a grade. She quit school because she had fainting spells and the doctor said she had a weak heart. But now she goes to dances and [everything?] and doesn't ever faint no more so I think she [must?] be all right and ought to go back to school. I used to have fainting spells like Rosa before I was married, but since I been married I ain't had any at all. [?], dark like I [?], would get white as a sheet when I [?]. I don't know what that is — I never went to a doctor for it.

"[When?] I was married my mother hadn't never told me nothing about like or nothing like that. I was as [innocent?] as the day I was born. When she use to want to talk about those things she would look at me and I would have to leave the room. I didn't know nothing about how not to have babies — no wonder I had so many. I'm twenty-eight now and got six [kids?] and I don't want no more. There ain't no use in having [kids ?]unless you [can?] give them some of the things they need. The more kids you have the less there is to give them.

"I always had to have a [chaporone? everyone?]. [My?] date had to [come? to?] the house mostly and sit in the living room with the family and [carry?] on conversation. We couldn't' even get up and go back to the kitchen for a drink of water together: I always had to get the water by myself. My date had to leave at nine-thirty, and I [wasn't?] allowed to [walk?] to the door [with? him?]. I had to say goodbye still sitting down."

“Cuban customs are [?] anyway,” says Rosa. “I'am gald I was born in America.

“I was born in [Key? West?],” replies [Amanda?]. “I'm an American just as much as you are. I may come form Cuban descent, but I'm one hundred 6 percent [American?] just the same.”

“Real American people consider you a Cuban,” [retorts? Rosa?].

“What do I care what they consider me so long as I am an American?” asks Amanda. “[Heck?] yeah, I'm an American—ain't I on the [WPA?]”

“I've got a job in a sewing room,” says Rosa. “Not the WPA: a [Jowstore?] sewing room. I made two dollars and twenty-five cents last week, but you know I am only an apprentice learing my trade; I will make more money soon. There is a supervisor there watching us all the time to see that we don't rest. Sometimes when he is in some other part of the shop we stop a minute, but when we see him coming we have to start [?] quiet, or he docks part of our pay. The only way I can get any rest is to go to the lavatory. We aren't allowed to stay there but a few minutes.”

Little Jose suddenly dashes into the room with a rubber ball and flings himself on Amanda's lap. He is pursued by a small, thin, bow-legged girl who tearfully [acuses?] him, in Spanish, of stealing her ball. Amanda forcefully takes the ball, and returns it to the girl. Jose wails strangely.

“Jose's deaf and dumb,” Amanda explains. “I took him to the doctors here and they said he was born that way and there wasn't nothing they could do.”

“I rather be dead, than deaf and dumb [like?] that,” solemnly declares [?].

Perico walks [cautiously?] across the room, and turns on the radio. “I hope it isn't church music,” he says.

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“Here comes my husband, [Enrique?] now,” explains [Amanda?], “he's been 7 to the store.” [Enrique? seems?] to be about forty years old; he has a rather handsome face, and appears to be quite active and [virle?].

“I don't spoil my children,” continues Amanda. “When I go to visit somebody my children [come?] along and sit down and [behave? themselves?] and don't run around hollering. They don't always [ask?] for bread when I go visiting, either, like a lot of kids do.

“Jose eats candy all day. It's bad for his teeth and [I?] ought not give it to him but he cries if I don't. He'll take all the pennies you will give him, but he won't take no nickels or dimes or nothing like that. I guess [maybe?] he never spent nothing but pennies [in? his?] whole life; he must think pennies is the only thing you can buy [stuff? with?].

“He sure hates to take a [bath?]. Sometimes [?] he knows he's going to have to take a bath he gets on the toilet and sits there for hours, just to keep from having to take a bath. You try to take him off the toile and he hollers and hollers. The only way you can make him take a bath is to get a belt and make out like you are going to whip him.”

“My kids know when I take off my belt I mean business,” says Enrique, speking for the first time. “They know I treat them good and buy them things and don't buy myself nothing. I buy my wife a dress and the [?] two dollar suits for Christmas and [?] no buy nothing.”

“Jose sure is stubborn,” Amanda goes on, “and what a temper he's got! When he wants something and can't make us undersatand what it is, he sure makes a fuss. I want to send him to school as soon as I can. He has a good head on him. He can learn to write and will get along fine, I think. He goes to shows and likes them very much. You should see the motions he 8 goes through when he comes home and tries to tell me what he saw. He imitates automobiles, airplanes, horses, everything. You should see him imitate Enrique shaving and brushing his teeth.”

Jose is sitting on the cement steps, [exploding? caps?] with a small [teak? hammer?]. He watches the [cap?] very carefully so he [can?] see the [smoke?] and tell when they explode. He explodes his last [cap?], looks around for approval, and puts the head of the [hammer?] in his mouth and [chews?] on it.

“He is always [chewing?] on some kind of iron,” Amanda [complains?], “always [chewing? on?] his belt buckle or something like that. Look how he's [got?] his belt fastened up now —with a match-stick. He [chews?] off his belt buckles faster than I can sew them on.

“Do you like grapefruit juice? I'm going to give you some [cans?] of it I got at the relief station. It carries one [pint?] in each can. Grapefruit juice makes very good drinks with [rum?]. I get cans of it all the time — [last?] time they give me five [cans?]. I fixed some of it nice in glasses with ice and sugar for the kids, but they don't like it and won't drink it. They like the fruit, but they won't drink the juice.

“The relief station here gives [away?] lots of good things. They give me nice [clothes?] for the children; and they give us [can? meat?], flour, and lots of things. It's real good stuff, too, and helps out plenty. I heard that [Roosevelt?] was [doing?] to start giving [?] lots more things like that, and sell things very [cheap?] to poor people on relief. It sure will be wonderful if he does.

“Food is pretty cheap in [Ybor?] City — I get milk for ten cents a quart — but even so, lots of people do not have enough money to but to [eat?].

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I have seen people go to the meat market and ask for free scraps for dogs, and then cook the scraps and make soup to drink.

“Enrique used to have a little ‘[buckeye?]’ cigar factory of his own. He had twelve men working for him at one time, but you know he didn't have enough capital to keep going.

He had to buy all his [material? for? cash? and?] sell for credit, so he needed more capital than he had. He is a good business man and was doing good with it for awhile.

“My one ambition is for my kids to finish school and [maybe?] even go to college. That's the main reason I wish Enrique could get started with his [own? buckeye? again?—so?] maybe he could make enough money to [send?] the boys to college. If I had the [means?] I sure would help him get started in his own [factory?] again.

“He did try to borrow money but the banks wouldn't lend him any because he didn't have enough security, and he didn't know nobody else who could lend him any. He wants so hard to start a [buckeye?] of his own again; that's all he's living for, the day he can start again. [Heck?] he picked out this label from a [catalogue?]. He's saving all these labels in case he starts up again. I think it was the prettiest one; nobody can use this label but him because he bought the rights to it. It looks like he will never be able to get started again, but while there is life there is hope, they say.”

“Look all these cigars behind this door,” says Enrique]. “I keep [them? hid? here?] for a friend of mine who has a little [?] factory. Right now, the first of the year, the [customs? check?] up on all cigars and collects for revenue [stamps?] on them. [Dias?] — he's my friend — he keep those cigars 10 [here? so? he? won't?] have to pay no revenue. That's about the only way he is able to make [any?] money, cigars sell so cheap now.

“[Dias? has?] gone over to St. Petersburg to sell some boxes of cigars to the tourist, without no stamps on them. Sometimes he gets low with money, so he makes up extra good cigars and sells them to tourist like that; he sells them [?], but they is better cigars. By not paying revenue on them he makes money pretty good. But that's dangerous, all right; you know he might walk up to an officer or something.

“[Dias? ?] to be the [biggest?] bootlegger in [Ybor?] City during the [prohibition?]. He had sixty thousand dollars in the bank at one time, and now he no have nothing. The police took it all in fines and bribes to get him out of jail. [Dias?] use to be plenty tough. But he's

getting more old and soft now; he says so long as he has to eat and a little money to spend he is gong to enjoy himself while he is alive.

“In the factory I work in now, I make thirty cents an hour but it's not regular work all the time. The days what we are working we make [about?] two dollars and thirty cents; that's not so bad as a lot of people [?]. The smallest amount they pay in the factories now is ten dollars a week and you have to work very fast on account of the wage-hour law making wages high. Unless you can work fast and good the company will fire you.

“There ain't no young people — very young — working in the factories. The Government won't allow it. A few years ago they found two boys working who were seventeen years old, and they made the boys quit the factory and go back to school. They wouldn't have been hired in the first place if they hadn't lied about their age. There is quite a few [?] working 11 in the factoris now, most of them come from Georgia.”

“You know what's the matter with the cracker people?” interrupts Amanda. “They live so far out the running water ain't got ther yet.”

“We used to make fifty-five dollars a week,” Enrique continess, “but no don't nobody make much more than about eighteen dollars. I guess it's mostly because the machines can make cigars so cheap; you can buy the best kind of cigar now, two for five cents. And don't nobody [?] cigars like they used to; young people all smoking cigaretts. Cigars is going out ot style.

“In the dys when we made fifty-five dollars a week we didn't have no unions. Maybe that's why we got so much pay. When we use to strike we always won, but since the unions [?] we ain't won a strike. We use to go on strike and everybody stick together good; you know, [?] [?] and Cuba would send [?], sometimes five percent of our wages, to take care of our families while we were on strike. Of course, the people in Key West is all on relief now.

“This [?] of a union is no benefit to us. Before we can strike now we have to get permission from the Florida [Union?] officers, [and?] they have to get permission from the nation union officers, and [?] won't let us strike. If we go ahead and strike anyway [?] [?], we all lose our jobs at the factories and there is [?] [?] to take our places.

“Roosevelt, he is the one make the — what you call it — [?] — [?], [?], that's right. Roosevelt don't [?] it, [?] [?] [?] grow good, [?] [?] is all right. He prove [?] [?] [?] [?] the way he put good men on the Labor Board and the Supreme Court.

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“That law is playing hell with the little buckeye factories, too. [?] owners can't pay their workers no more than seventy-five cents or one dollar a day, so unless they get [exmpt?] from that law I guess they have to go out of business.

“The national officer of the cigarmakers' union — the one who [?] our officers for trying to start the [CIO?]—is trying to get the cigar industry [exmpt?] from the wage-hour law. He says that is the only way those [men?] what have been fired can get their jobs back. But the way I think it, the Government ought to make the company take back those [?] and [?] up with the law, or else why did they pass a law like that in the first place?

“All those new kind of insurance the Government has make the companies start for the workers is all right. There was a man in our factory got [?] with a [?] not long ago, and he was in bead one week and that insurance pay him just the same as if he was at work. Man, that's all right, we never had nothing like that before.

“In the Gasparilla parade in [1930?] the factory float had a beautiful Cuban girl on it — she was beautiful — and they had her almost naked, painted all over with gold paint. Right

after the parade she got sick and she was sick for two days and died. The doctor said the paint had poisoned her. Her family didn't get paid anything.

“In the [National? Maritime? Union?] sit-down strike on the [? ?] while it was in Tampa all the men went on strike but one — he was a Key West man. They all sit down on the ship. He heard they was on strike, you know, so we went down to the desk to see what was happening and how they getting along. They had picket lines all around the dock. Some of the men asked 15 us to bring then a copy of the paper and some cigarettes and we did. When we got back it was raining like hell and the picket lines were standing out in the rain. Then the [policemen?] drove up with two big open trucks, and they went on the ship with their blackjacks and guns and arrested everybody and put them in the trucks.

“They put all them men in them trucks and they was [packed?] in just like cattle. They drove to the jail standing up in the trucks in the rain and singing all the way. They sing all kinda songs and [?] they ain't [?] be in jail long.

“All our cigar unions took up a [?] and also went to a loan company and borrowed money to pay the fines for the strikers so they could get out of jail. We sent cigars and cigarettes to the jail for them and the restaurants in Ybor City sent good food free . The police searched all the food and cigarettes before they would give it to the men in jail. For a long time after the men got out of jail all of us cigar union men paid ten cents a week to pay back the loan company for the fine money. But now the national office of the [?] is paying us all back.

“This morning everybody is supposed to register for the social security. I am going down to register at the Labor Temple if you want to come with me.”

Perico suddenly became attentive. “Let me go with you.” he says to me, “and then when you leave daddy you won't have to ride back all by yourself.”

“Smart kid, huh?” says Enrique, and chases Perico out of the house. [?] Enrique and I drive to the Labor Temple alone.

“I am not sure about how this social security works yet; he says, 16 “but I think it is this way: if you do not go to work — I mean if the factory is not open — then the factory and the Government have the social insurance together which they pay you for abut three or four months. They only pay you a certain percent of your average salary; I don't know how much, but it sure sounds good, all right. You can't get anything, though, unless you register. Everybody is registering.

The labor Temple is surrounded by a noisy crowd of men, women, children and dogs; the [?] reminds me of typical scenes at voting polls. Enrique takes his place in the line of people waiting to register. Although all conversation is in Spanish, I hear frequent interjections in English, such as “OK,” and “That's nice.”

I decide to enter the building, and as I walk through the entrance I am immediately approached by a Cuban man who asks:

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I tell him that I am a member of the Jacksonville branch of the [Medical?] Bureau and North American Committee to aid Spanish Democracy, and he responds [?].

He calls to a stocky Cuban man at the drink stand.

“This is Mr. [Ginesta?],” he says. He is the Tampa chairman of the Spanish Aid committee.”

“I am pleased to meet you,” says [Ginesta?]. “I hope you will be here for the meeting when we sponsor two young ladies who are touring the country in a “wounded ambulance.” One of the young ladies drove the ambulance for 17 loyalist spain, and the other was a nurse.

The Tampa Ministerial Alliance is going to co-sponsor the meeting with us; it will be the first time in this country that a ministerial alliance had done that. And for the first time we will get the Americans in Tampa to our meetings."

"[Ginesta?] just returned from Washington a few weeks ago," explains the other man. "In a few days he is going back to Washington again to attend as a delegate to the Congress for Peace and Democracy."

"Yes, I learn plenty in Washington," [Ginesta?] says. "I went with a delegation to ask Congressman to lift the embargo [on?] Spain. [Man?], we got a good friend in Claude Pepper; Pepper, he is a good guy. There was another Congressman who told to us: "You are from Florida and not my constituents, but in your request you represent the majority of the American people, and so do I." That sure make us feel good.

"There was another Congressman who said: "Yes, I will vote to lift the embargo on Spain this time. — But listen, I want you to understand that it is not I who have changed my views since I voted against lifting the embargo last year. It is the situation that has changed." You see, he didn't want us to say that we were right and he was wrong, or that he had swung around to our point of view. [?], the [?] Conference, and President Roosevelt's speeches sure are waking a lot of people up.

"You should have seen us when we went into Senator George's office, from Georgia; we almost got thrown out. I don't guess there has been a Spaniard in Georgia since De Soto marched through.

"I learned a lot in Washington, all right. I watched these guys work and I know there are very few real liberals. Most of them are 18 uneducated and crooked politicians controlled by the big interests."

A [young?] man who has been standing behind [Ginesta?], listening to the conversation steps up and whispers cautiously to him: "You must be more quieter and not talk too much

because the woman selling drinks at the cold drink stand is a [Ku Klux Klan?] so you better be careful."

"I was just talking about the Spanish Aid committee," replies [Ginesta?], "but the Klan don't like it so I guess I might as well be careful. — Do you know [?], who is field representative for the Spanish committee? Well, he spoke here in the Labor Temple not long ago. He is very good, all right. At the meeting he read a note he had received at the hotel that said: "[Tampa?] is an unhealthy place for liberals." After he read the note he said: "Whoever wrote the note should be sent one saying not to come over here because Ybor City is an unhealthy place for Fascists." Everybody laugh; they sure like [Pershing?]."

Enrique approaches, having duly registered, and nods to [Ginesta?] and the others. "Give my regards to our friends in Jacksonville," says [Ginesta?] as I tell him goodbye. When we leave, I see over the front entrance a large poster labelled:

[SOLIDARITY? IS? THE? VICTIM? OF? WORLD? FACISTS!?]

"Those were very intelligent [?] you were talking to," Enrique says. "They are leaders in the unions, the newspapers, the Spanish Aid Committee, and all like that. All the unions make I don't know how many thousand cigars and cigarettes to sent to Spain — we stayed in the factories and work overtime to make those things for Spain.

"The Spanish Aid committee has two [?] to stand by the factory door

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kitchen window, Everybody laughs loudly.

“What's a cow doing so close?” I ask.

“That was no cow,” says Enrique, “That was a [?] — a horse — poop-pooping!”

They all laugh louder than ever. “Sure it was a cow,” says [?], “Enrique ought to be ashamed of telling jokes like that at the dinner table. The neighbors keep their cow in a shed right under the window.

“That remind me of a good joke,” says Enreique. “One time there was an old man who had a horse named ‘Bertha,’ and his daughter was named Bertha too. There was a young man who wanted to borrow the horse one day, so he asked the old man if he could borrow Bertha for a little while. The old man grab his gun and say, “Hell no, what you think this is — you think I let you try out my daughter?”

The response to this joke almost upsets the table.

“I notice you don't laugh so much like the Latin people,” Amanda says to me. “I guess you feel good and just don't laugh so much. I think that is all right. But I just can't help laughing. You should hear me in the picture show; sometime when I see something real funny I laugh so much I have to go outside to stop from laughing so much.”

“Would you like to go for a ride?” asks Edith, after the table has been cleared.

“Yes, sure, anything you all want to do,” replies Amanda. “You go put on your suit, Enrique; we are going for a ride and I like to see you dressed up in your suit.”

After a few minutes Enrique appears in a neatly pressed brown suit.

“He won that suit at a lottery for one dollar,” says Amanda. The man told him if he wanted to buy an extra par of pants to match, it would cost him six dollars. I told him to go ahead and get the extra pants because that way the suit would be good for twice as long if he only had one pair of pants. I bought him that [?] shirt he's wearing for Christmas. It cost two dollars.”

Amanda is rolling her hair on a clothes-pin. “I fix hair pretty good, huh?” she asks. “You know I don't get to go to the beauty parlor but about once a year. They don't do it so good as I do sometimes; I taught some of the girls in the beauty parlor how to fix hair.”

In due time we are ready to leave. “Let's drive over to Tampa tonight.” suggest Edith.

In Tampa, we drive slowly so Edith and Amanda can look in the shop windows. Each window [? ? ?], in Spanish, as: [? ?]!” (How pretty “Divino!” (Divine) “[? ?] (I don't like it).

“That's the jail [?] was taken out of,” suddenly says Enrique. Right in the middle of town. They took him out and sat him down in a bucket of hot tar, [castrated?] him, beat him, and did all kinds of things to him. I have heard people argue about whether the Klan, or the [police?], or both, did it. All I know is that they took him right out of jail.

“I been in that jail. One night when I was walking home along the bridge I saw a lady climb over the rail and get ready to jump in and commit suicide, so I grabbed her around the waist and held on and she yelled and raised all [kinds?] of hell. The police came, and I guess they thought we was fighting; anyway, they took us both to jail and told us we could tell 24 it to the judge. I stayed in that jail seven days before Amanda could borrow ten dollars to pay my fine to get me out.”

[?] drive over a bridge into a residential section of large homes and well-kept lawns.

“This is Davis Island,” says Amanda. “This is where all the millionaires and rich people live. It's very pretty in the daytime time but we can't see much now. That's the ... no, that's not it.”

“Amanda, you don't know nothing about this part of town.” says Enrique.

“I've only rode over here on Davis Island once or twice,” Amanda admits. “I tell you what [you?] ought to go see. the [?] in Tampa Bay Hotel. They have lots of things in there very old, thousands of years old, I like it in there. I only been there on time but that time I stayed three hours lookin; at all those things. It sure is interesting. I hope you go there before you leave; you would like it.”

On the way home we stop at a barbecue stand. When we reach the house, Rosa is sitting on the railing of the front porch, looking up into the sky.

“Well, I guess you don't have to worry no more about having an Italian son-in-law,” she tells amanda dejectedly. “Nicky and I had a fight and he went away mad. I guess it's good thing. We didn't get along so good anyway.”

“I'm glad you find out now before you married him,” comments Amanda.

We are given the front sleeping room.

The next morning we are [awakened?] by [Rosa?] who [calls?], “Your coffee is ready.”

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